

# AN EYE FOR AN EYE : Being the First of a New Series of the Tales of Tarzan the Untamed : By Edgar Rice Burroughs

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**HAUPTMANN FRITZ SCHNEIDER.**

ER trudged wearily through the somber aisles of the dark forest. Sweat rolled down his bullet head and stood upon his heavy jaws and hunched neck. His lieutenant marched beside him, while Unterleutnant von Gosse brought up the rear, following with a handful of Askaris, the tired and all but exhausted porters, whom the black soldiers, imitating the example of their white officer, encouraged with the sharp points of bayonets and the metal-shod butts of rifles.

There were no porters within reach of Hauptmann Schneider, and so he vented his Prussian spleen upon the Askaris nearest at hand, yet with greater circumspection, since these men bore rifles and bandoleers of cartridges—and the three white men were alone with them in the heart of Africa.

Ahead of Hauptmann marched half his company, behind him the other half; thus were the dangers of the savage jungle minimized for the German captain. At the forefront of the column staggered two naked savages, fastened to one another by a neck-chain. These were the native guides impressed into the service of Kultur, and upon their poor, bruised bodies Kultur's brand was revealed in divers cruel wounds and bruises.

Thus even in darkest Africa was the light of German civilization beginning to reflect itself upon the undeserving natives just as at the same period, the fall of 1914, it was shedding its glorious effulgence upon benighted Belgium.

It is true that the guides had led the party astray; but this is the way of most African guides. Nor did it matter that ignorance rather than evil intent had been the cause of their failure. It was enough for Hauptmann Fritz Schneider to know that he was lost in the African wilderness and that he had at hand human beings less powerful than he who could be made to suffer by torture. That he did not kill them outright was due to a faint hope that they might eventually manage to extricate him from his difficulties.

The poor creatures led on through a dismal forest along a winding game-trail trodden deep by the feet of countless generations of the savage denizens of the jungle. Here Tantor, the elephant, took his long way from dust-wallow to water. Here Buto, the rhinoceros, blundered blindly in his solitary majesty, and by night the great cats paced silently upon their padded feet beneath the dense canopy of overreaching trees toward the broad plain beyond, where they knew they would find the best hunting.

It was at the edge of this plain which came suddenly and unexpectedly before the eyes of the guides that their poor hearts beat with renewed hope. Here the Hauptmann drew a deep sigh of relief, for after days of hopeless wandering through almost impenetrable jungle, the broad vista of waving grasses dotted here and there with open parklike woods and in the far distance the winding line of green scrubbery that denoted a river, appeared to the European a veritable heaven.

The Hun smiled in his relief, passed cheery word with his lieutenant and then scanned the broad plain with his field-glasses. Back and forth they swept across the rolling land until at last they came to rest upon a point near the center of the landscape and close to the green-fringed contours of the river. "We are in luck," said Schneider to his companions. "Do you see it?" The lieutenant, who was gazing through his own glasses, finally brought them to rest upon the same spot that had held the attention of his superior.

"Yes," he said, "an English farm. It must be Greystoke's, for there is none other in this part of British East Africa. God bless with us, Herr Captain."

"We have come upon the English swinehound long before he can have learned that his country is at war with ours," replied Schneider. "Let him be the first to suffer from the iron fist of Germany."

"Let us hope that he is at home," said the lieutenant, "that we may take him with us when we report to Kraut at Nairobi. It will go well indeed with Herr Hauptmann Fritz Schneider if he brings in the famous Tarzan of the Apes as a prisoner of war."

Schneider smiled and puffed out his chest. "You are right, my friend," he said. "It will go well with both of us, but I shall have to travel far to catch General Kraut before he reaches Mombasa. These English pigs will make good time to the Indian Ocean."

It was in a better frame of mind that the small force set out across the open country toward the trim and well-kept farm buildings of John Clayton, Lord Greystoke; but disappointment was to be their lot with their arrival there, since neither Tarzan of the Apes nor his son was at home.

Lady Jane, ignorant that a great war existed between Great Britain and Germany, in fact that

any of the European nations were at war, welcomed the officers most hospitably and gave orders through her trusted Waziri to prepare a feast for the black soldiers of the enemy.

Fan, to the east, Tarzan of the Apes was traveling rapidly from Nairobi toward the farm. At Nairobi he had received news of the world war that had already started, and anticipating an immediate invasion of British East Africa by the Germans, he was hurrying homeward to fetch his wife to a place of greater security. With him were a score of his ebony warriors, but far too slow for the ape-man was the progress of these trained and hardened woodsmen.

When necessity demanded, Tarzan of the Apes sloughed the thin veneer of his civilization and with it the hampering apparel that was its badge. In a moment the polished English gentleman reverted to the naked ape-man. His mate was in danger. For the time that single thought dominated. It was no member of the House of Lords who swung swiftly and grimly through the tangled forest or trod with untiring muscles wide stretches of open plain—it was a great he-ape filled with a single purpose that excluded all thoughts of fatigue or danger.

Little Manu, the monkey, scolding and chattering in the upper terraces of the forest, saw him pass. Long had it been since he had thus beheld the great Tarmangani naked and alone hurtling through the jungle. Bearded and gray was Manu, the monkey, and to his dim old eyes came the fire of recollection of these days when Tarzan of the Apes had ruled supreme, Lord of the Jungle, over all the myriad life that trod the matting vegetation between the boles of the great trees or flew or swang or climbed in the leafy fastness upward to the very apex of the loftiest terraces.

And Numa, lying up for the day close beside last night's successful kill, blinked his yellow-green eyes and twitched his tawny tail as he caught the scent spoor of his ancient enemy.

Nor was Tarzan senseless to the presence of Numa or Manu or any other of the many jungle beasts he passed in his rapid flight toward the west. But however keen the senses of the ape-man, however swift his progress through the wild country of his adoption, however mighty the muscles that bore him, he was still mortal. Day by day for his journey, though he lay up at night for but a few hours and left to chance the finding of meat directly on his trail. If Wappi, the antelope, or Horta, the bear, chanced his way when he was hungry, he killed and ate, but he paused only long enough to make the kill and cut himself a steak.

But at last the long journey drew to its close and he was passing through the last stretch of heavy forest that bounded his estate upon the east; then this was traversed and he stood upon the plain's edge looking out across his broad lands toward his home.

But at the first glance his eyes narrowed and his muscles tensed. Even at that distance he could see that something amiss. A thin spiral of smoke arose at the right of the bungalow where the barns had stood, but there were no barns there now; and from the bungalow chimney from which smoke should have arisen, there arose nothing.

Once again Tarzan of the Apes was speeding onward, this time even more swiftly than before, goaded now by a nameless fear that was more the product of intuition than of reason, for even as the beasts Tarzan of the Apes seemed to possess a sixth sense. Long before he reached the bungalow, he had sensed what he was to find there, had almost pictured the scene that finally broke upon his view.

Silent and deserted was the vine-covered cottage. Smoldering embers marked the site of his great barns. Gone were the thatched huts of his sturdy retainers, empty the fields, the pastures and the corrals. Here was before his eyes, cultures were being and circling slowly above the carcasses of men and beasts.

It was with a feeling as nearly akin to terror as he had ever experienced that the ape-man finally forced himself to enter his home. The first sight that met his eyes across the haze of hate and blood-lust across his vision, for there, crucified against the wall of the living-room was Wasimbu, giant son of the faithful Muwiro, and for over a year the personal bodyguard of Lady Jane.

The overturned and shattered furniture of the room, the brown pools of dried blood upon the floor and prints of bloody hands on walls were woodwork evidenced something of the frightfulness of the battle that had been waged within the narrow confines of the apartment. Across the baby-grand piano lay the corpse of another black warrior while before the door of Lady Jane's boudoir were the dead bodies of three more of the faithful Greystoke servants.

The door of this room was closed. With drooping shoulders and dull eyes Tarzan stood gazing dumbly at the incense panel which hid



He heard from those human lips the hunting roar of a wild beast

from him what horrid secret he dared not even guess.

Slowly, with leaden feet, he moved toward the door. Gropingly his hand reached for the knob. Thus he stood for another long minute, and then with a sudden gesture he straightened his giant frame, threw back his mighty shoulders and with fearless head held high, swung back the door and stepped across the threshold into the room which held for him the dearest memories and associations of his life.

No change of expression crossed his grim and stern features as he strode across the room and stood beside the little couch and the inanimate form which lay face downward upon it, the still, silent thing that had once been Jane Clayton, Lady Greystoke.

No tear dimmed the eye of the ape-man, but the God who made him alone could know the thoughts that passed through that still half-savage brain. For a long time he stood there gazing down upon the dead body of his mate; then he stepped and lifted her in his arms, and as he turned the body over and saw how horribly death had been meted to her, he plumbed, in that instant, the uttermost depths of grief and horror and hatred.

Nor did he require the evidence of the broken German rifle in the outer room or the torn and blood-stained service cap upon the floor to tell him who had been the perpetrators of this horrid and useless crime.

In silence, in love and in reverence, he buried them in the little rose garden that had been her pride and her love—the white and beautiful lady beside the great black warriors who had given their lives so futilely in her protection.

At one side of the house Tarzan found other new-made graves, and in these he sought final evidence of the identity of the real perpetrators of the atrocities that had been committed there in his absence.

Here he disinterred the bodies of a dozen German Askaris and found upon their uniforms the insignia of the company and regiment to which they had belonged. This was enough for the ape-man. White officers had commanded these men, nor would it be a difficult task to discover who they were.

Returning to the rose garden, he stood among the Hun-trampled blooms and bushes above the grave of his dead mate—with bowed head he stood there in a last, mute farewell. As the sun sank slowly behind the towering forests to the west, he turned slowly away upon the still distinct trail of Hauptmann Fritz Schneider and his blood-stained company.

His was the suffering of the dumb mute—mute, but no less poignant. At first his vast sorrow numbed his other faculties of thought—his brain was overwhelmed by the calamity to such an extent that it reacted to but a single objective suggestion: She is dead! She is dead! She is dead! Again and again this phrase beat monotonously upon his brain, a dull, throbbing pain; yet mechanically his feet followed the trail of her slayer while, subconsciously, his every sense was upon the alert for the ever-present perils of the jungle.

Gradually the labor of his great grief brought forth another emotion so real, so tangible that it seemed a companion walking at his side. It was hate, and it brought to him a measure of solace and of comfort.

for it was a sublime hate that ennobled him as it had ennobled countless thousands since—hated for Germany and Germans. As the thought took firm hold upon him, he paused and raising his face to Goro, the Moon, cursed with upraised hand the authors of the hideous crime that had been perpetrated in that once peaceful bungalow behind him.

Stripped as he was of all the outward symbols of civilization, Tarzan had also reverted morally and mentally to the status of the savage beast he had been reared. Never had his civilization been more than a veneer put on for the sake of her he loved, because he thought it made her happier to see him thus. In reality he had always held the outward evidences of so-called culture in deep contempt. Civilization meant to Tarzan of the Apes a curtailment of freedom in all its aspects—freedom of action, freedom of thought, freedom of love, freedom of hate.

In civilization Tarzan had found greed and selfishness and cruelty far beyond that which he had known in his familiar, savage jungle, and though civilization had given him his mate and several friends whom he loved and admired, he had never come to accept it as you and I, who have known little or nothing else; and so it was with a sense of relief that he now definitely abandoned it and all that it stood for and went forth into the jungle once again, stripped to his loincloth and weapons.

The hunting knife of his father hung at his left hip, his bow and his quiver of arrows were slung across his shoulders, while around his chest, over one shoulder and beneath the opposite arm was coiled the long grass rope without which Tarzan would have felt as naked as would you, should you be suddenly thrust upon a busy highway clad only in a union suit. A heavy war spear which he sometimes carried in one hand and again slung by a thong about his neck so that it hung down his back completed his armament and his apparel. The diamond-studded locket with the pictures of his mother and father which he had worn always until he had given it, as a token of his high devotion, to Jane Clayton before their marriage was missing. She always had worn it since; but it had not been on her dead body, so that now his quest for vengeance included a quest for the stolen trinket.

Toward midnight Tarzan began to feel the physical strain of his long hours of travel and to realize that even muscles such as his had their limitations.

Having dedicated his life to vengeance, vengeance became his natural state and not an emergency; therefore he took his time in pursuit. That he had not rested earlier was due to the fact that he had felt no fatigue, his mind being occupied by thoughts of sorrow and revenge; but now he realized that he was tired, and so he sought a jungle giant that had harbored him upon more than a single other jungle night.

When he swung himself at last into the tree he sought, the moon was obscured by a heavy cloud, the tree-tops were waving wildly in a steadily increasing wind whose soothing drowned the lesser noises of the jungle. Upward went Tarzan toward a sturdy cork across which he had long since laid and secured a little platform of branches. It

was very dark now, darker even than it had been before, for almost the entire sky was overcast by thick, black clouds.

Presently the man-beast paused, his sensitive nostrils dilating as he sniffed the air about him. Then, with the swiftness and agility of a cat, he leaped far outward upon a swaying branch, sprang upward through the darkness, caught another, swung himself upon it and then to one still higher. What could have so suddenly transformed his matter-of-fact ascent of the giant bole to the swift and wary action of his detour among the branches? You or I could have seen nothing, not even the little platform that had been just above him an instant before and which now was immediately below; but as he swung above it, we should have heard an ominous growl, and then, as the moon was momentarily uncovered, we should have seen both the platform, dimly, and a dark mass that lay stretched upon it—a dark mass that presently, as our eyes became accustomed to the lesser darkness, would take the form of Sheeta, the panther.

In answer to the cat's growl a low and equally ferocious growl rumbled upward from Tarzan's deep chest—a growl of warning that told the panther he was trespassing upon the other's lair; but Sheeta was in no mood to be dispossessed. With upturned, snarling face he glared at the brown-skinned Tarmangani above him. Very slowly Tarzan moved inward along the branch until he was directly above the panther. In the man's hand was the hunting knife of his long-dead father, the weapon that had first given him his real ascendancy over the beasts of the jungle; but he hoped not to be forced to use it, knowing as he did that more jungle battles were settled by hideous growling than by actual combat, the law of bluff holding good in the jungle—only in matters of love and food did the beasts usually close with fangs and talons.

Tarzan braced himself against the bole of the tree and leaned closed toward Sheeta.

"Stealer of Balus!" he cried. The panther rose to a sitting position, his bared fangs but a few feet from the ape-man's taunting face. Tarzan growled hideously and struck at the cat's face with his knife. "I am Tarzan of the Apes," he roared. "This is Tarzan's lair. Go, or I will kill you." Though he spoke in the language of the great apes of the jungle, it is doubtful that Sheeta understood the words, though he knew well enough that the hairless ape wished to frighten him from his well-chosen station past which edible creatures might be expected to wander some time during the watches of the night.

Like lightning the cat reared and struck a vicious blow at his tormentor with great, bared talons that might well have torn away the ape-man's face had the bold lander; but it did not land—Tarzan was even quicker than Sheeta. As the panther came to all fours again upon the little platform, Tarzan unslung his heavy spear and prodded at the snarling face, and as Sheeta warded off the blows, the two continued their horrid duel of blood-curdling roars and growls.

Goaded to frenzy, the cat presently determined to come up after this disturber of his peace, but when he

essayed to leap to the branch that held Tarzan, he found the sharp spear-point always in his face, and each time as he dropped back he was prodded viciously in some tender part; but at length, rage having conquered his better judgment, he leaped up the rough bole to the very branch upon which Tarzan stood. Now the two faced each other upon an even footing and Sheeta saw a quick revenge and a supper all in one. This hairless ape with the tiny fangs and the puny talons would be helpless before him.

The heavy limb bent beneath the weight of the two beasts as Sheeta crept cautiously up upon it and Tarzan backed slowly away, growling. The wind had risen to the proportions of a gale so that even the greatest giants of the forest swayed, groaning, to its force and the branch upon which the two faced one another rose and fell like the deck of a storm-tossed ship. Goro was now entirely obscured; but vivid flashes of lightning lit up the jungle at brief intervals, revealing the grim tableau of primitive passion upon the swaying limb.

Tarzan backed away, drawing Sheeta farther from the stem of the tree and out upon the tapering branch where his footing became ever more precarious. The cat, infuriated by the pain of spear-wounds, was overstepping the bounds of caution. Already he had reached a point where he could do little more than maintain a secure footing, and it was at this moment that Tarzan chose to charge. With a roar that mingled with the booming thunder from above he leaped toward the panther, who could only claw futilely with one huge paw while he clung to the branch vane the others; but the ape-man did not come within that parabola of destruction. Instead he leaped above menacing claws and snapping fangs, turning in midair and alighting upon Sheeta's back, and at the instant of impact his knife struck deep into the tawny side.

Then Sheeta, impelled by pain and hate and rage and the first law of nature, went mad. Screaming and clawing, he attempted to turn upon the ape-thing clinging to his back. For an instant he toppled upon the now wildly gyrating limb, clutched frantically to save himself and then plunged downward into the darkness with Tarzan still clinging to him.

Sheeta, catlike, alighted upon four outstretched feet, the weight of the ape-man crushing him to earth, the long knife again imbedded in his side. Once the panther struggled to rise; but only to sink to earth again. Tarzan felt the giant muscles relax beneath him. Sheeta was dead. Rising, the ape-man placed a foot upon the body of his vanquished foe, raised his face toward the thundering heavens and as the lightning flashed and the torrential rain broke upon him, screamed forth the wild victory cry of the bull ape.

Having accomplished his aim and driven the enemy from his lair, Tarzan gathered an armful of large fronds and clambered to his dripping couch. Spreading a few of the fronds upon the poles, he lay down and covered himself against the rain with the others and despite the wailing of the wind and the crashing of the thunder fell immediately asleep.

The rain lasted twenty-four hours and much of the time it fell in torrents so that when it ceased the trail he had been following was

utterly obliterated. Cold and uncomfortable, it was a savage Tarzan who threaded the mazes of the soggy jungle. Manu, the monkey, shivering and chattering in the dark trees, scolded and fled at his approach. Even the panthers and the lions left the growling Tarmangani pass unmolested.

When the sun shone upon the second day and a wide, open plain let the full heat of Kudu flood the chilled brown body, Tarzan's spirits rose, but it was a sullen, surly brute that moved steadily onward into the south where he hoped again to pick up the trail of the Germans. He was now in German East Africa, and it was his intention to skirt the mountains west of Kilimanjaro, whose rugged peaks he was quite then swing eastward along the south willing to give a wide berth, and side to Tanga, for his experience among men suggested that it was toward this railroad that German troops would be likely to converge.

Two days later, from the southern slopes of Kilimanjaro, he heard the boom of cannon far away to the east. The afternoon had been dull and cloudy, and now as he was passing through a narrow gorge, a few great drops of rain began to splatter upon his naked shoulders. Tarzan shook his head and growled his disapproval; then he cast his eyes about for shelter, for he had had quite enough of the cold and drenching. He wanted to hasten on in the direction of the booming noise, for he knew that there would be Germans fighting against the English.

"Tomorrow," he thought, "I will travel that way and find the Germans." Then he set himself to the immediate task of discovering some shelter from the storm.

Presently he espied the low and narrow entrance to what appeared to be a cave at the base of the cliffs which formed the northern side of the gorge. With drawn knife he approached the spot warily, for he knew that if it were a cave, it was doubtless the lair of some other beast. Before the entrance lay many large fragments of rock of different sizes, similar to others scattered along the entire base of the cliff, and it was in Tarzan's mind that if he found the cave unoccupied, he would barricade the door and insure himself a quiet and peaceful night's repose within the sheltered interior. Let the storm rage without. Tarzan would remain within until it ceased, comfortable and dry. A tiny rivulet of cold water trickled outward from the opening.

Close to the cave Tarzan knelt and sniffed at the ground. A low growl escaped him, and his upper lip curved to expose his fighting fangs. "Numa!" he murmured. But he did not stop. Numa might not be at home—he would investigate. The entrance was so low that the ape-man was compelled to drop to all fours before he could poke his head within the aperture; but first he looked, listened and sniffed to each direction at his rear—he would not be taken by surprise from that quarter.

His first glance within the cave revealed a narrow tunnel with daylight at its farther end. The interior of the tunnel was just light enough for the ape-man to see that it was untenanted at present. Advancing cautiously, he crawled toward the opposite end, imbued with a full realization of what it would mean if Numa should suddenly enter the tunnel in front of him; but Numa did not appear, and the ape-man emerged at length into the open and stood erect, finding himself in a rocky cleft whose walls rose almost sheer on every hand. The gulch was some hundred feet in length and about fifty in width and appeared to have been worn from the rocky cliff by the falling of water during long ages. A tiny stream from Kilimanjaro's eternal snows still trickled over the edge of the rocky wall at the upper end of the gulch, forming a little pool at the bottom of the cliff from which a small rivulet wound downward to the tunnel through which it passed to the gorge beyond. A single great tree flourished near the center of the gulch, while tufts of grass were scattered among the rocks of the gravelly floor.

BONES of many large animals lay about—among them several human skulls. Tarzan raised his eyebrows. "A man-eater," he thought, "and apparently he has held sway here for a long time. Tonight Tarzan will take the lair of the man-eater, and Numa may roar and grumble upon the outside."

The ape-man had advanced well into the gulch as he investigated his surroundings, and now as he stood near the tree, satisfied that the tunnel would prove a dry and quiet retreat for the night, he turned to retrace his way to the outer end of the entrance that he might block it with boulders against Numa's return; but even as he thought, there came something to his sensitive ears that froze him into st statuesque immobility with eyes glued upon the tunnel's mouth. A moment later the head of a huge lion framed in a black mane appeared in the opening. The yellow-green eyes glared, round and unblinking, straight at the trespassing Tarmangani; a low growl rumbled from the deep chest, and lips curled back to expose the mighty fangs.

"Brother of Dango!" shouted Tarzan, angered that Numa's return killing of Germans at large was not the prime motive of Tarzan's

should have been so timed as to frustrate his plans for a comfortable night's repose. "I am Tarzan of the Apes, Lord of the Jungle. Tonight I lair here—go!"

But Numa did not go. Instead he rumbled forth a menacing roar and took a few steps in Tarzan's direction. The ape-man picked up a rock and hurled it at the snarling face. One can never be sure of a lion. This one might turn tail and run at the first intimation of attack—Tarzan had bluff many in his time—but not now. The missile struck Numa full upon the snout—a tender part of a cat's anatomy—and instead of causing him to flee, it made him an infuriated engine of wrath and destruction.

Up went his tail, stiff and erect, and with a series of frightful roars he bore down upon the Tarmangani at the speed of an express train. Not an instant too soon did Tarzan reach the tree and swing himself into its branches, and there he squatted, hurling insults, while Numa paced beneath, roaring in rage.

It was raining now in earnest, adding to the ape-man's discomfort and disappointment. He was very angry; but as only direct necessity had ever led him to close in mortal combat with a lion, knowing as he did that he had only luck and agility to pit against the frightful odds of muscle, weight, fangs and talons, he did not even consider descending and engaging in so unequal and useless a duel for the mere reward of a little added creature comfort. And so he sat perched in the tree while the rain fell steadily and the lion padded round and round beneath.

Tarzan scanned the precipitous walls for an avenue of escape. They would have baffled an ordinary man; but the ape-man, accustomed to climbing, saw several places where he might gain a foothold—precarious possibly, but enough to give him reasonable assurance of escape if Numa would but betake himself to the far end of the gulch for a moment. Numa, however, notwithstanding the rain, gave no evidence of quitting his post, so that at last Tarzan really began to consider seriously if it might not be as well to take the chance of a battle with him.

EVEN as he turned the matter over in his mind, Numa turned and walked majestically toward the tunnel without even a backward glance. The instant that he disappeared, Tarzan dropped lightly to the ground upon the far side of the tree and was away at top speed for the cliff. The lion had no sooner entered the tunnel than he backed immediately out again, and pivoting like a flash, was off across the gulch in full charge after the flying ape-man; but Tarzan's lead was too great.

With the agility of a cat, Tarzan ran up the cliff-face for thirty feet before he paused, and there finding a secure footing, he stopped and looked down upon Numa, who was leaping upward in a wild and futile attempt to scale the rocky wall to his prey. Fifteen or twenty feet from the ground the lion would scramble, only to fall backward again defeated. Tarzan eyed him for a moment and then commenced a slow and cautious ascent toward the summit. Several times he had difficulty in finding holds, but at last he drew himself over the edge and strode away.

Finding an easy descent to the gorge, he was about to pursue his journey in the direction of the still booming guns, when a sudden thought caused him to halt and a half smile to play about his lips. Turning, he trotted quickly back to the outer opening of Numa's tunnel. Close beside it he listened for a moment, and then began rapidly to gather large rocks and pile them within the entrance. He had almost closed the aperture when the lion appeared upon the inside—a very ferocious and angry lion that pawed and clawed at the rocks and uttered mighty roars that caused the earth to tremble; but roars did not frighten Tarzan of the Apes.

Numa could not reach him, and Tarzan knew it; so he continued deliberately to choke the entrance until there was no possibility of Numa's getting out again. When he was quite through he made a grimace at the hidden lion beyond the barrier and resumed his way toward the east. "A man-eater who will eat no more men," he soliloquized.

THAT night Tarzan lay up under an overhanging shelf of rock. The next morning he resumed his journey, stopping only to make a kill and satisfy his hunger. The firing ahead rose and fell during the day. He had noticed that it was highest at dawn and immediately after dusk, and that during the nights it almost ceased. In the middle of the afternoon of the second day he came upon troops moving up toward the front. They appeared to be raiding parties, for they drove goats and cows along with them, and there were native porters laden with grain and other foodstuffs. He saw that these natives were all secured by neck-chains, and he also saw that the troops were composed of native soldiers in German uniform. The officers were white men.

No one saw Tarzan, yet he was here and there about and among them for two hours.

He had come upon Germans and had not killed them; but that was explained by the fact that the